

The History of

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
The Archbishops Grace of *York, Douglas, Mortimer,*
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereft and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgie them, that so much haue swaide
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from mee:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this same childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this al-praised Knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For euery honour sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

Henry the Fourth.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That hee shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, even the flighest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd, I shall performe.
I do beseech your Maiestie may saue,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thousand deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraine trust herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Enter *Blunt*.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the *English* rebles met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises bee kept on euery hand)
As euer offered fouleplay in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
For this aduertisement is fife dayes old,
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glocester shire*, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meete.
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Falstaffe* and *Bardoll*.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action?
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about
me like an old *Laines* loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
apple *John*. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in
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